Bailey Bunny and the Farmer's Cat
By Yu May

Chapter 1:
In Which Bailey Has a Misadventure

Once upon a time, in a cozy corner of a verdant meadow, where wildflowers danced with the breeze, there lived a family of bunnies in a snug warren.

Of all the bunny girls, one was widely acknowledged as the prettiest in the warren: Bailey Bunny. Unfortunately, she also had a reputation for being the silliest of the young bunnies, but her parents loved her for her curiosity and spirit, even when she misbehaved. Bailey's Papa was a handsome black and tan rabbit, while her mother was chocolate colored. Bailey's fur was lilac, but with tan markings on her chest and tummy similar to her father. Her baby brother, Benny, took after their father, but his blue-black fur was a shade lighter.

Bailey's days were filled with hopping through the meadow, nibbling on clover, and playing hide-and-seek with Benny. But one day, Bailey hid in the bushes surrounding the neighboring farmer's fence. And before Benny could count to 20 and shout "Ready or not, here I come!" Bailey's mother spotted her daughter hiding in the bush, and rushed to pull her out.

Mrs. Bunny shook her head as she pinched her daughter by the ear and led her home to the warren. "Bailey! You know the farmer's garden is off-limits!"

Bailey hopped on one foot as she was dragged home. "Ooch! We were just playing hide-and-go-seek, Mama! And I didn't actually go *in* the garden!"

Bailey blushed as she heard a few of the neighboring rabbit children giggle at the sight of her. Benny, who had finished counting, watched with wide eyes as he sucked his thumb.

Ignoring the other children, Mama clicked her teeth. "Pish posh! You knew full well we've told Benny to stay far away from the garden. That's why you hid there, isn't it? I ought to give you a spanking, right now. Plus another spanking, good and hard, for talking back!"

With that, Mama spun Bailey around and held her daughter tight against her waist, and planted the first three swats over the seat of Bailey's blue and yellow sundress, right beneath her quivering, fluffy tail. Bailey squeaked in surprise, then stiffened as she saw Mama raise her paw high to deliver a second spanking, as promised. But before the hand of chastisement could land, they heard Papa's booming laugh as he leapt out of the burrow. "Ho ho! What's all this hullabaloo, then?"

At the sight of his beloved wife preparing to wallop his beloved daughter, Papa crossed his arms. "Mama? What's Bailey done to deserve a smacking this time?"

Mama huffed. “I caught her hiding in the bushes by the fence of Mr. Murakami’s farm!”

Bailey kicked her feet, in a futile effort to wriggle free of Mama’s grasp. “But I didn’t go inside Mr. Murakami’s garden! I was outside the fence the whole time! Please, Papa, tell her to stop. I didn’t disobey!”

Benny pulled his thumb out of his mouth with a pop, then looked up to Papa quizzically. “She’s right, Papa! I never saw her go inside the garden…Though, I *did* have my eyes closed the whole time.”

Papa hummed and pressed a paw against his chin. “Hurm! Mama, I know we’ve told Bailey not to go inside the garden plenty of times. But have you ever told Bailey that includes the bushes outside Mr. Murakami’s fence?”

Mama’s ears stiffened, then drooped. “Well, I can’t rightly recall. But I must have warned her to stay away from that garden a hundred times, if I’ve said it once!”

Papa crossed his arms, then turned his attention to his imploring daughter. “I see. Bailey, did you mean to disobey your Mama when you hid in the bushes outside the fence?”

Bailey nodded her head vigorously, then when she realized she needed to say no to avoid a spanking, changed her mind and shook her head. “No, Papa! I never meant to disobey. I thought the bushes outside the fence were safe!”

The truth was that when Bailey had hidden in the bushes, the idea had occurred to her that Benny would never dare to look for her in a hiding place so near the forbidden fence. But Bailey wasn’t eager to admit the whole truth, not when her tail was so vulnerable to the wrath of Mama’s paw.

Papa let the silence hang, then with a sigh, shook his head at Mama. “Very well, Bailey. In that case, I think a few swats will suffice as a warning. Mama, put her down. There’s no need to give Bailey a proper spanking today.”

Mama took a sharp breath, tempted to argue with her husband, and carry on spanking her daughter for a few minutes until the argument was resolved. Instead, Mama bowed her head meekly and set down Bailey, though she did pat Bailey’s bottom lightly a few times, just to remind her of the fate she had so narrowly escaped. “Yes, Papa. Bailey, go give your Papa a hug. And the next time you sit your fluffy little tail down, remember that you have him to thank for the privilege of doing so…comfortably.”

Papa accepted the hug from his daughter, then looked her in the eyes. “But from now on, the rule about not going into the farmer’s garden includes the bushes outside his fence. No matter how tempting the carrots, lettuce, or strawberries might look, you must stay away. Do you understand?"

As her ears perked up at this happy news, Bailey grinned. "Yes, Papa!"

But as Bailey's eyes strayed toward the vibrant patch of green bordered by the fence, all she could think about was how lucky she was to escape a spanking today.

In her private heart, Bailey thought, *"It's not fair! It's not as though the plants in the garden are any different than the ones near the warren. If anything, they'll taste much better. Plus, there are no foxes, so it's probably safer anyway!"*

Papa noticed Bailey staring at the garden, then held her under the chin to get her attention. "Remember, Bailey, if you ever disobey, you have a spanking coming. And not just any spanking, but one you'll remember."

Bailey nodded, her ears drooping. At the moment, the thought of a spanking was enough to drive all thoughts of disobedience from her mind.

Days turned into weeks, and Bailey managed to keep her curiosity in check. But one golden afternoon, as the sun began to dip, casting long shadows over the meadow, something caught Bailey's eye.

Sitting on her favorite sunny spot near the warren, she caught a glimpse of something strange inside the farmer's garden. It was a shade of bright orange, exactly like a carrot, but its shape was round like an apple. Craning her neck, Bailey was sure it was some sort of animal. It had two eyes and a mouth, at any rate, and it seemed to be peering at her over the top edge of the fence. "Is that what a farmer looks like? Very strange."

As Bailey approached the fence, the orange face disappeared from her view, only for her to catch a glint of light through a gap at the bottom of the fence, between two bushes. Bailey backed away, wondering if her parents were around. But they were in the warren preparing for supper, Benny was napping next to their family's burrow, and the neighboring rabbit children were too busy eating chive blossoms to pay her much mind. "After all, Papa only said not to go into the bushes outside the fence. He didn't say anything about not looking at the fence."

Sure enough, as Bailey hopped near the gap in the fence, she could just make out a strange, tall animal, with an orange head and red and blue fur (at least, that's what it looked like to Bailey). Strangest of all, it had several small, yellow circles on its chest that each shone like a tiny sun. They seemed to be winking at her, as though beckoning her in.

Bailey felt her bottom beneath her dress, thinking about the promise she had made, and the spanking she would surely get for breaking that promise, but the mystery was too much for her young, adventurous spirit.

"Just a peek," she told herself. "I won't touch anything. I'll just look."

With a mix of fear and thrill, she felt the narrow gap in the wall of the fence. Nervous that the rough wood would tear her clothes, she pulled off her blue blouse and yellow skirt, and folded them neatly on the grass. Once she'd had a good look at the orange-headed farmer, she'd come right back, get dressed, and her parents would be none the wiser.

Even without having to worry about her clothes snagging on a splinter, Bailey had to struggle to squeeze her head through. Then she got stuck, her tail caught outside the fence. Bailey beat her feet, terrified that her parents would catch her at any moment, and find her oh-so-helpless bare bottom held oh-so-helpfully in place for a spanking. Straining with all her might, Bailey popped through the hole and came tumbling into the garden, rolling to a stop head over heels.

Above her, the great, orange head of the farmer was glowering down at her, a smile frozen on its face. With a squeak, Bailey scrambled to her feet and looked for a hiding place. But the foliage inside the garden was strange to her. There were neither trees, nor thick bushes, let alone an escape hole to the warren. She dove behind some leafy greens, breathing rapidly. "I'm sorry, Mister Farmer! I won't eat any of your plants! I only wanted a quick…peek?"

As Bailey examined the farmer more carefully, she noticed that his arms and legs were stiff and wooden, like stray sticks. No, not *like* stray sticks. His arms and legs really *were* sticks, and his red and blue "fur" was really just frumpy pieces of cloth, which she recognizes as a red flannel shirt and blue overalls from her bedtime stories about farmers.

Bailey snorted, before remembering the rule all rabbit children learn: to be still and silent before a larger animal. But when Bailey noticed that the farmer's eyes were as dark and empty as a rabbit hole, she started to crack up. "Huh? You're not alive. You're just a big orange plant with holes in your head! And your hair is a bunch of straw!"

That final realization was the final straw that broke Bailey's resolve to be silent. She rolled on the ground in fits of giggles. Finally, she recognized the strange, orange plant as a pumpkin. Last autumn, her parents had pointed out one sitting outside the farmer's house, before warning her sharply not to go near. "You're Mr. Murakami? You're nothing but a great, silly pumpkin head!"

Gasping for air, Bailey sat up. If Mr. Murakami was just a pumpkin on a stick, that meant all the rabbits were afraid of nothing. Once she told her parents what she'd found out, they'd forget all about their silly rule and realize how clever she had been. There was enough food in this garden to feed the entire warren for the winter.

Then, Bailey had a vision. She saw herself sitting high on a pedestal in front of all the other families in the rabbit warren, all gathering to witness her moment of glory. Her Papa patted her on the back, before lowering himself to join the throng at her feet. "Three cheers for Bailey, Bravest of the Bunnies! Bravo!"

In the crowd, Mama held up baby Benny to see Bailey's moment of triumph, before all bowed low. "You see, Benny? Your big sister Bailey will serve as an example to all rabbit children!"

"Hip, hip, hooray!" roared the adoring crowd. "Hail Queen Bailey!"

Bailey suddenly found she wore a golden crown on her head, and a purple cape and mantle draped around her shoulders. Waving a golden scepter, she silenced the cheers. "Thank you! As my first act as your queen, I hereby decree that no little bunny may ever be spanked again! All spankings are forbidden, forever!" All the bunnies roared with delight at this news.

Rubbing her paws together, Bailey snickered as she snapped out of her imaginative world. She knew that last part about being made the Bunny Queen was a little far-fetched, but it was fun to make-believe nevertheless.

Deciding that she'd need a trophy to prove that the stories of the dreaded Mr. Murakami were only a myth, Bailey tugged at the pumpkin-headed man's pants, planning to knock him over and tear away one of the metal, brass buttons that had caught her eye earlier. Bailey tugged until one of the old straps of the overalls came loose. With a flump, the pants flopped to the ground, and Bailey snickered as she found a button that appeared to be hanging on by only a thread. Biting the button in her buck teeth, Bailey pulled it free with a sharp tug.

But her plans were abruptly interrupted by a low, menacing growl. Bailey's heart skipped a beat as she turned to find two large, yellow eyes peering at her behind the carrot patch: it was a fat, cream-colored cat.

[End of Chapter 1]

Chapter 2:
In Bailey Meets the Malevolent Ma'dam Miu

The cat pounced.

But Bailey managed to scramble away just in time, the stolen button still clamped tight in her mouth. One of the cat's claws caught Bailey's flank, so that she had to pull away with a tug, leaving a thin scrape across her haunch.

Disappointed, the cat wailed a shrill war cry and gave chase.

Of course, in Bailey's mind, it was not just any cat: it was *The* Cat. Even though she had never seen such a creature, Bailey realized what it was as she felt a chill like a winter wind travel across her back. She'd heard stories of the farmer's cat, how it patrolled the garden, ever watchful for intruders. In all the stories, cats were smaller than foxes, but no less dangerous, and far more cruel.

Panicking, Bailey glanced over her shoulder and caught a glimpse of her predator, then looked for the gap in the fence, only to realize she had lost track of it in her mad dash.

Bailey's heart thundered in her chest as she weaved through the vegetable patches. Stupidly, Bailey realized the weight of the ungainly button was surely hampering her, but she was too terrified to spit it out. The long, orderly rows of plants seemed endless, and the dying light of the setting sun cast long shadows everywhere she looked.

Finally, she spotted a wooden structure, with a huge, shadowy hole in the front. Blinking, Bailey realized it couldn't be the same hole she'd used before, but she was desperate. Darting through the massive hole, Bailey found to her dismay that it did not lead to escape. To her, it seemed as though the whole world had gone dark, and the walls of the wooden fence seemed to be pressing in around her.

Of course, as you've probably guessed by now, what Bailey thought was a large hole was in fact an open door, and what she thought was part of the fence was actually a sturdy little woodshed. You might think that Bailey was foolish to trap herself there, but I don't suppose you'd fare much better if you were a rabbit who was silly enough to disobey your parents and trespass in the first place. After all, for a rabbit, holes and shadows are usually signs of safety, and Bailey had never heard of a woodshed before, not even in stories.

Inside, the air was cool and filled with the scent of must and rust. Bailey hid behind a stack of chopped wood, her breath short. With a soft thump, the cat brushed playfully against the door of the shed, and with a teasing flick of her tail, shut it behind her. "Got you! You're trapped, trespasser!" hissed the cat as she pranced on her white paws.

Bailey was still panting, close to fainting, but now that the chase had paused, she had a moment to study the cat more carefully. It was a snowshoe, with long, tufty hair. Bailey had never seen nor spoken to a cat before, but she guessed correctly that this cat was female.

Burying her face, Bailey tried to press herself behind the woodpile to escape notice, but as the cat approached she knew she'd been spotted. Darting from her hiding place on the opposite side of the firewood, Bailey circled around it and made for the door, but as she pressed her paws against it, she discovered that it was shut tight.

With no other option, she dropped the stolen button and whispered in a trembling voice, "Please, Miss Cat, I know I shouldn't have come here. My parents told me never to enter this garden. I... I promise I'll never come back again!"

The cat paused, her ears perking up. Lazily, the cat turned and strolled jauntily towards her prey. "My name is not 'Miss Cat!' It's terribly rude to call me that, without so much as asking my name! Aren't you an ill-mannered little thing, little Miss Bunny!"

Bailey started as the cat took its first step toward her, and circled around the woodshed again. The cat grinned wickedly as it watched Bailey' vain attempt to escape. Her head spinning, Bailey hid behind the wood pile again. “So…so sorry, ma’am. I don’t want to be rude. You can tell my mama to spank me for having bad manners, if you’ll just let me go! Uh, my name is Bailey? W-what should I call you? ”

The cat sniffed, then licked its paws, enjoying the drama of it all. “Spank you? Oh, darling, I’m afraid that’s far too lenient a punishment for a wicked trespasser…Oh, and you may call me *Ma’dam* Miu, little Miss Bunny.”

Tears welling in her eyes, Bailey scraped at the ground underneath the wood pile, only wanting to dig a hole and bury herself from sight, but the floor was hard and unyielding. “Please, Miss–Please Ma’am Miu! Please, let me go back to my family. If one spanking isn’t enough, I’ll tell them to spank me for trespassing! And…and you can spank me too, if you want to.”

Bailey covered her face behind her paws, now starting to weep freely, offering up her tail and hoping that would be enough to satisfy her tormentor.

The cat purred at the sight. “Oh, my, my, my! Three spankings? Well, I must admit I like the sound of the idea of hurting you. Let’s see…”

Dropping the playful act, Ma’dam Miu sprang on Bailey and scratched her twice, once across her lower back and once across her haunches. “Why don’t I start by punishing you for your rudeness, and then see how I feel afterwards?”

As the poor bunny felt the sharp claws tear at her back and haunches she darted around the woodshed once more before she collapsed, sobbing and trembling, in the middle of the floor. As the world seemed to be spinning around Bailey’s head, she couldn’t even make an effort to hide anymore.

Ma’dam Miu chirped in the manner cats do when they are stalking birds. “Tee, hee hee! Still trying to run away, thou hair-brained hare? I see you haven’t learned your lesson yet. Now, listen carefully, Little Miss Bunny. I don’t know how your Mamma or Pappa punish you at home, and, frankly, I don’t care! You are in my garden now, so I’m going to punish you as I see fit! To start, let’s see if you can hold still and take your spanking like a big girl. First, lie on your face and stick out that fuzz-ball you call a tail. Go on, now!”

Her mind numb, Bailey rolled onto her tummy and lifted her bottom into the air, expecting to feel the cat’s claws tear her to shreds at any moment. Instead, Ma’dam Miu began to bat at her prey playfully, without using her claws. The first two smacks landed on Bailey’s bottom, but to Bailey they felt more like heavy blows than a spanking. In reality, Bailey’s terror was confusing her: the smacks frightened her far more than they actually hurt. Bailey hopped forward and twisted in circles instinctively as she felt each smack. Finally, the cat batted at Bailey’s face, then both froze as Ma’dam Miu nipped Bailey at the base of her neck.

Ma’dam Miu flashed her needle-like teeth. “You’re a slow learner, aren’t you?”

Then, to Bailey’s utter shock, Ma’dam Miu pressed Bailey’s face against the fluffy fur of her chest and purred, as if Bailey was her kitten.

Ma’dam Miu nuzzled against her prey. “There, there, my dear little darling. And let that spanking be a lesson to you about running away, you bone-headed bunny.”

Feeling strangely comforted, Bailey lifted her head and let Ma’dam Miu lick her behind the ears, until her hair lay flat smooth. “Th-thank you for s-spanking me, M-Ma’dam Miu! D-does that mean you’re letting me go?”

Ma’dam Miu took a moment to lick her lips as she considered this suggestion. Then she bit and snatched Bailey up by the scruff of her neck. “Mew hoo hoo! Nope! Thowwy, thweetie!”

As Ma’dam Miu launched into her dramatic, well-rehearsed monologue, the fact that her mouth was full diminished the menacing effect the cat was hoping for (though Bailey was so terrified, she didn’t notice). “I’m taking yoo’th to Maff’ster Muwah’kami! He’ll know juth’t whah to do wiff’ yoo! Maff’ter will be tho’ pwoud of me’ff, he’ll p’wobwee cook you into th’upper, thomehow, and then giff’ me th’ome!” [Translation: “I’m taking you to see Master Murakami. He’ll know just what to do with you! Master will be so proud of me, he’ll probably cook you into supper, somehow, and then give me some!”]

Ma’dam Miu pawed at the door to open it. “Yoo will wue the day yoo tweth’path’d in my domain’th! Fo’ I am Ma’dam Miu Muwah’kami! Maff’stah of all I th’ee! Queen of th’ Garden’th! Empress’th of th’ Fahm’stead! Goddess’th of the…Univer’th?” [Translation: “You will rue the day you trespassed in my domain! For I am Ma’dam Miu Murakami! Master of all I see! Queen of the Gardens! Empres of the Farmstead! Goddess of the…Universe?”]

Ma’dam Miu’s eyes went wide as she batted the door with both her paws. For some reason, the door wasn’t obeying her royal command to open. The cat’s jaw went slack, and Bailey plopped softly to the floor, still trapped against Ma’dam Miu’s chest.

Ma’dam Miu, Queen of the Garden, Empress of the Farmstead, and Goddess of the Universe, threw back her head and caterwauled. “Mrowl! Open up, right now… please?”

Forgetting all about her prey, the cat leapt for the round door knob, suspecting it had something to do with making doors open, but she couldn’t get a good hold on it and came tumbling back down. “Master, I’m trapped! Lemme’ out!”

Realizing she was free, Bailey ran a circle around the woodshed, before realizing she was not actually free. Not sure what else to do, Bailey pressed her nose into the corner, as if putting herself in timeout.

Meanwhile, Ma'dam Miu was progressing from denial, to anger, to bargaining, and finally to depression. "Nyah! I'm going to die! I'm a stupid, stupid pussy cat! I'll starve to death…unless…"

Her eyes rolling in their sockets, Ma'dam Miu rounded on her lost quarry, arching her back. "Unless…I *eat* the rabbit!"

Bailey hunched her shoulders as she overheard the cat's tirade, but her little heart was ready to give out. She couldn't run a step further. Closing her eyes, Bailey prayed for it to end quickly.

Ma'dam Miu spat and spluttered as she crept towards the trapped bunny, before she froze with horror. "Yes! It's the only way…but…I have no kitty bowl! How am I supposed to eat without my special princess bowl?"

Mewling with despair, Ma'dam Miu retreated back to the door and scraped at it with her claws, before collapsing onto the floor. "Look at me! I can't even catch a baby rabbit without screwing up! My noble ancestors would be ashamed of me! I'm the one who deserves to be spanked! I'm a bad, bad pussy cat!"

With an effort, Bailey forced her eyes open and glanced at the cat. "Um…there, there Ma'dam Miu? We all make mistakes. I'm sure we'll be alright."

Suddenly remembering she wasn't alone, Ma'dam Miu nestled in the corner, next to Bailey. "Really? Do you mean it? Do you really think Master Murakami will come to save me? You don't think he hates me, for being a stupid, pathetic, useless cat?"

"Well, I've never met any other cats, but you don't seem as bad as all that."

"Really? Well, do you think Master Murakami will spank me with a rolled-up newspaper?"

Bailey narrowed her eyes. "What's a rolled-up newspaper?"

"It's horrible! I saw Master Murakami use it to spank the dog once!"

Bailey swallowed, still not sure what a rolled-up newspaper was, except that it was something she never wanted to be spanked with. "Well, has he ever spanked you with a rolled-up newspaper before?"

Ma'dam Miu hissed. "Of course not! He only spanked that stupid dog with it a few times when he was a puppy for going to the bathroom inside the house. Can you believe dogs don't know how to use a kitty litter box?"

Completely lost, Bailey nodded her head, trying to imitate the soft tone of voice her mother always used when she or Benny got a boo-boo. “Well, Ma’dam Miu, if he’s never spanked you with a rolled-up newspaper before, why are you so worried about it now?”

The cat rolled her eyes. “Because, when he spanked the dog, he called him a bad, bad dog. And I’m a bad, bad kitty cat. I can’t even catch a rabbit without fouling it up!”

Bailey cocked her head. “But you’ve caught me, after all, and I have no idea how I’ll ever get away from you.”

There was a pregnant pause. Finally, Ma’dam Miu pressed Bailey against her chest and started purring. “Good point, Little Miss Rabbit. Say, what was your name again?”

Unable to relax for a moment, Bailey accepted the embrace outwardly. “I’m Bailey Bunny.”

“Bailey? Didn’t you say you’ll get a spanking from your parents once you get home? So, why do you want to go home so badly? Aren’t you afraid of a spanking?”

At the thought of going home, Bailey’s ears perked up. “Oh! Well…That’s a strange question, now that you mention it. I suppose I am afraid of *getting* a spanking, but somehow, I’m not afraid of my Mama and Papa, even though I know they’ll both be *giving* me a spanking. I suppose it’s because I know that they love me, even when they punish me. In fact, I want to go home more than anything.”

Ma’dam Miu mewed, thoughtfully. “I never thought of it that way. You know, I’ve been afraid of getting spanked with a rolled-up newspaper ever since I was a kitten, even though Master Murakami has never once spanked me. But it sounds like you’ve gotten plenty of spankings, and don’t mind them that much. Are spankings not all that bad?”

Bailey drooped her head. “Oh no. Spankings are terrible! Sometimes, it feels like they go on and on, forever. And if I ever get home safe, I’m surely going to get the worst spanking of my entire life, and probably more than one…But as long as I’m home safe, I won’t mind. In fact, I hope both my parents spank me every day and every night for an entire season!”

Ma’dam Miu growled once, then started purring again. “You’ve given me a lot to think about. The way you talk about your parents reminds me of how I feel about Mr. and Mrs. Murakami. Do you think I should ask Master Murakami to spank me with a rolled-up newspaper, for being a foolish cat?”

Bailey tensed as she felt Ma’dam Miu lick her head. The cat’s tongue was rough and scratchy. “Well, I’ve never been spanked with a rolled-up newspaper. But I know I deserve to get spanked for being a foolish bunny. If you feel guilty, maybe it will help you feel better?”

Ma’dam Miu yawned. “You know, I really think it might! In that case, I’ll ask Master Murakami to spank me as soon as I see him again…And I do hope you find a way to escape from me. I’d be sad if I had to eat you, Bailey”

Dreamily, Ma’dam Miu rested her head on the rabbit’s back. Bailey knew that she was still the cat’s prisoner, but for the first time since her ordeal began, she found she could control her breathing, and felt her thumping heart start to calm. “I hope so, too. I’d be sad if you had to eat me, Ma’dam Miu.”

Outside the woodshed, night had fallen, and all was quiet.

[End of Chapter 2]

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Chapter 3:
In Which Bailey Meets the Murakamis

Bailey awoke with a start as she heard the door open, a thin slit of sunlight blinding her. But before she could make a bolt for freedom, Ma'dam Miu bit her neck and lifted her up like a kitten. "Mwaff-ha! Gotchu' m'wabbit!"

A little girl with black hair, which Bailey guessed correctly must be Mr. Murakami's daughter based on her sun dress, giggled at the sight of the cat. "Ah! There you are Ma'dam Miu! What have you got–Oh, my goodness, gracious!"

Before the girl could do anything, Ma'dam Miu darted between her legs with Bailey in tow. As the cat charged toward another wooden door, Bailey covered her eyes, realizing they were about to crash into it. Surely, the cat had gone mad.

But Bailey had never seen a cat door before. Bailey kicked her feet reflexively as she felt the strange leather flap go flip-flop against her face, and before she knew it, she found herself inside the Murakami family's farm home.

A boy with black hair, about the same height as the girl, was sitting at a table, reading a comics page from the newspaper. "What have you got there, Ma'dam Miu?"

Ma'dam Miu spun on her heels, holding up the captive bunny. "Bwehode! I haff caph'thewed ah tresth'paffer!"

Although most animals do not understand the human tongue, they can often guess correctly what a big, clumsy person is trying to say based on the sound of our voices. You have probably guessed by now that Ma'dam Miu was not the brightest cat, but in her years with the Murakami family, she'd come to understand their words fairly well. She even spoke to them, despite the fact we big, stupid people are hopeless when it comes to speaking animal languages.

Realizing that she couldn't speak properly with her mouth full, Ma'dam Miu dropped Bailey before puffing up her chest. "I am a true huntress! …Now what do I do with her?"

But as soon as the cat let her go, Bailey shot toward the door. She leapt at the flap, and bounced off it, landing on her sore tail with a soft bump. The flap opened inwards, and it was too heavy for such a small bunny to move on her own.

"Hey!" snapped Ma'dam Miu, before she yawned and sought out her kitty bowl. "Ah well, I'm sure Master Murakami will know what to do next."

“Dad!” the boy called. “Ma’dam Miu dragged something into the house!”

As Bailey felt her chest thumping, she heard a rattle, and saw the doorknob twisting above her. From behind the door, a female voice chirped. “Mark! Ma’dam Miu caught a bunny rabbit!”

The boy, Mark Murakami, dove for the door and pressed it shut. “No, Mia! You’ll let the thing out!”

Undeterred, Mia Murakami tried to shove her way in. “We *should* let the poor bunny go, you meanie pants!”

Madam Miu’s ear twitched, before she hopped onto the table and sat down to lick herself. “Well, if you don’t want to eat the rabbit I brought home, I suppose you should release the prisoner.”

Mia managed to open the door a crack. Bailey made a dive for the gap, before Mark slammed the door back shut, and leaded against it. “Not into our vegetable garden we shouldn’t, you stupid-head!”

Outside, Mia hammered against the door. “You can’t call me stupid-head! That’s mean!”

“You just called me meanie-pants.”

“Yeah, cuz you’re mean!”

“And you’re stupid. Dad! There’s a rabbit or something right here in the…kitchen?”

As Mark looked down at the spot where Bailey had been, he found her missing. The clock ticked and tocked heavily in the kitchen. Finally, Mia’s voice roared, “Stupid-head!”

A tall man in overalls appeared at the opposite end of the kitchen. “What’s all this commotion?”

From behind the door, Mia hollered loud enough to be heard. “Daddy! Mark lost the poor little bunny!”

“Ugh! I did not! And even if I did, you’re still a tattle tale!”

Mr. Murakami held a finger up and shushed. “Shh…”

As Mr. Murakami crouched to survey the kitchen floor, he spotted a trembling shape underneath the kitchen table. Bailey whimpered into her paws, trying to look small, but her ears twitched as she listened for the big man’s breathing.

Sitting on the table, Ma’dam Miu paused her bath, and watched the unfolding scene with polite interest.

Then, with a snap of his wrist, Mr. Murakami grabbed Bailey firmly across her chest and belly and lifted her up. Bunnies squeal shrilly when captured, which is only natural for a bunny. So sure enough, Bailey screamed loudly, and flailed her legs, but Mr. Murakami held her securely against his chest. “Well, would ya’ look at that? You caught a real live one, Ma’dam Miu.”

Ma’dam Miu purred. “Thank you. It’s nice to have one’s work appreciated.”

Finally, Bailey’s voice gave out from her constant shrieking, and she lay shivering in the farmer’s big, steady hand. Mr. Murakami spun his hand to examine Bailey’s fur. “Hmm. She has a tan pattern. Definitely a juvenile. That’s too bad. Ma’dam Miu, you naughty thing, you snatched her away from her mother, didn’t you?”

The cat sniffed. “I’ll have you know I found her trespassing. Do what you like with her. I don’t care!”

Mr. Murakami spun Bailey to face him. “And as for you…were you stealing vegetables from my garden?”

Bailey sensed something troubling in the man’s words, and hid her face behind her paws.

Finally, Mia Murakami shoved her way inside, knocking aside her big brother as the door bumped against his rear end. “No! Don’t hurt the poor little baby bunny!”

Mark groaned. “Wait, if Ma’dam Miu got her scent all over the bunny…what if her parents reject her? What if we can’t find her home?”

Bailey started to sniffle. Surely, this was the end.

Then, Mr. Murakami opened the door, and strolled into his garden. “Rabbits have strong parental instincts. I’m sure the other rabbits will know her…I’ll bet she’s from the warren a stone’s throw away from the fence.”

Mia hustled to catch up with her father’s long strides. “Do you think the bunny’s mama and papa will spank her for running away from home?”

Mark caught up, and snorted. “Tch! Don’t be ridiculous. Rabbits don’t spank bunnies. They…bite and kick and stuff.”

Mr. Murakami shrugged. “Well, if they’re good rabbit parents they won’t bite and kick her, but they might give her a good thumping. Ah, here’s how our trespasser got in. I’ll have to patch that up. And as for you, little miss trespasser…”

Mr. Murakami spun Bailey to examine her tail, and gave her three playful little pats across her upturned backside. “Let that be a warning to you. Now, straight back to your mama and papa.”

Bailey quivered as she felt the taps. They didn’t actually hurt, but nevertheless, she felt thoroughly censured. The moment Mr. Murakami set her down on the opposite side of the fence, Bailey Bunny made a dash for the warren. She paused once to glance back.

Mr. Murakami and Mark were leaning against the fence. Then Mia poked her head over the fence and waved. “Goodbye, Miss Bunny! I hope you don’t get spanked too hard, for having trespassed!”

As the family turned back toward their home, Bailey hung her head, and crept back toward home, at a plodding pace. Her ears drooped so low, they dragged along the grass as she went.

In Mr. Murakami’s garden, Ma’dam Miu meowed sweetly, and rubbed against the leg of his overalls, arching her back to stick her haunches up high. “Mmmew! That reminds me! Master Murakami, I’m afraid you’ll have to spank me for being such a bad, master huntress!”

Mr. Murakami chuckled, and scooped up the cat, hanging her securely against his shoulder, and started patting her tail, as if delivering a spanking, but with no force behind the pats. “Very well, Ma’dam Miu, you asked for it. Bad, bad kitty. Don’t you ever go tormenting helpless bunnies again.”

Ma’dam Miu rolled back her head, and caterwauled, as if the spanking was too much to endure. “Murowl! I’m so sorry, master! Please, spank me like I deserve!”

But as Mr. Murakami sat down and rested Ma’dam Miu on his lap, the cat stuck up her tail to obediently accept her “punishment,” and purred.

[End of Chapter 3]

Chapter 4: A Good Thumping for a Bad Bunny

Bailey's mother sprang out of the warren hole and clung tight to her daughter. "Bailey! There you are, love! We thought you'd been snatched by a fox. Papa has been out patrolling the woods all night."

Sinking into her mother's bosom, Bailey's voice grew shaky. "I…I…I went into Mr. Murakami's garden!"

Bailey's mother stiffened, pulled back from the hug to look Bailey in the eye. Bailey shuffled her foot. "Are…aren't you going to spank me now?"

Her mother gave her a kiss on the nose. "We'll talk about that when your father gets home. For now, let's get you inside and…warm you up."

Suddenly, Bailey remembered she had left behind her lovely dress, and covered herself, feeling awfully naked.

Inside the warren, Bailey recognized a group of neighboring parents, as well as a group of her friends. At the sight of Bailey, the other rabbit children squealed with delight, but a few pointed, and snickered behind their paws. "Oooh! Bailey's gonna' get it!"

Mother spoke in hushed whispers to a group of the patrol bucks, who Bailey recognized as her father's fellow scouts. Then mother led Bailey past the crowd of watching rabbits, and into their private burrow. Silently, Mother sat Bailey down on a stool by the wash basin. As Mother put on a kettle, Bailey tried to stammer out an excuse, a plea, an explanation, but her words died on her tongue.

Bailey fidgeted in her seat. She watched as Mother poured the first kettle of steaming water into the wash basin, before leaving to heat up the next kettle.

Finally, Benny popped his head up from his cot. "Bailey, you're home? So…the fox didn't eat you?"

Bailey watched the billowing steam with a guilty face. "No…I saw the cat."

"The cat is real? I thought the cat only kills and eats bad little bunnies who won't sit still in the bath tub."

Bailey buried her face in her paws. "But…I *am* a bad bunny."

Mother poured in the second kettle, and tested the water with her finger. "Well, you've certainly been a very foolish bunny. But you can start being a good bunny again by taking a bath and

sitting still. I'll need to clean the blood off you before I can take a look at your scratches. Into the tub, Bailey."

Meekly, Bailey stepped into the tub. The water was a little too hot for comfort, and she hesitated as she tried to sit down into the tub, feeling the rising steam tickle her tail. Finally, Bailey decided that there was something strangely fitting about this omen of things to come, and plunged her bottom into the hot water, wincing. She thought about how bad bunnies like her simply didn't deserve to have baths that were just the right temperature.

Mother lathered up a bar of soap and scrubbed Bailey thoroughly. "This water's a bit hotter than I expected. Bailey, would you like it a bit cooler?"

Bailey shook her head, her ears flopping from side to side. Finally, Mother sighed. "All right, Bailey. Care to tell me why you were in Mr. Murakami's garden? Did you get lost somehow?"

Bailey muttered under her breath. "No…I just…I just went…I don't have an excuse."

Mother huffed. "Hmm. In that case, Bailey, I'm afraid you can expect to get a good spanking, just as soon as your father gets home."

Bailey sniffled. "...Y-yes, Mommy."

"Stand up, Bailey. Let's see if any of these scratches need patching up."

Bailey stood, dripping wet, and clutched tight to her shoulders as her mother spun her sound and examined her.

To her surprise, Bailey felt herself being lifted out of the tub, before Mother started to roughly dry her off with a fluffy white towel. Mother had not done that in a long time, and Bailey had been starting to wonder if she was getting too big for her mother to hold anymore.

Finally, Mother found the scratches Ma'dam Miu had left on Bailey's back and flanks, and nudged Bailey, a wordless order to bend over. Bailey complied, her face burning as she gripped the side of the tub. Mother clicked her tongue. "I've never seen cat scratches before, but I don't think you'll need stitches. Nevertheless, I'm still going to apply some of Dr. Lister's phenol to the cuts and bandage you up…"

From his crib, Benny made a whiney noise. "Phenol? But that will sting n' prickle something fierce."

Mother nodded as she dabbed a ball of cotton with a bottle of "...It's supposed to sting. That means the medicine is doing its job. Hold still, Bailey."

Bailey nodded, and grit her teeth as she felt the damp cotton tickling her cuts. Sure enough, she felt the burn as the antiseptic slowly did its work. Bailey counted six long claw marks along her back and sides, and another twelve along her bottom, in criss-crossing lines of three.

At that moment, the door to their burrow opened, and Papa arrived. “The lads from the patrol said Bailey is here? Is she all right?”

Mother applied a bandage across Bailey’s cuts one by one, starting with her daughter’s back, and slowly moving down toward her bottom. “She hasn’t been seriously hurt…though that may have to be amended soon. Bailey, go on. Tell your father everything.”

Mother applied the last bandage across Bailey’s bottom and patted it down flat, with only a little more force than was necessary. Bailey hopped once, then came to a halt before her father, clinging desperately to a towel against her chest. She took a deep breath, and everything she’d been wanting to say all day started to pour out in a stream of words. “Father…I disobeyed you. I went into Mr. Murakami’s garden, on purpose. At first, I only wanted to see what the pumpkin-head man really was, and when it turned out to only be a regular ole’ pumpkin, I thought that proved farmers were only a myth, and that was going to be the end of it, only it wasn’t Mr. Murakami at all—and the cat isn’t a myth either, and she chased me into a dark tunnel which was more like a great empty tree, and scratched me—”

Benny stuck his head back up from his pillow. “Did the cat try to gobble you up in one bite? Did you jump out of the monster’s throat?”

“Well, no, but she did nip me a few times, and it hurt, only I don’t think she was actually trying to eat me–the cat was rather strange about the whole thing—I don’t think she was a particularly clever sort of cat, though I suppose I’ve never met another cat to know whether they are terribly clever to begin with—but she also wasn’t unkind, for a cat—at least going by what I expected cats to be like from the stories—only she was also more fearsome than I ever expected, and horribly good at catching me, though she didn’t quite know what to do with me once she caught me, so she said Mr. Murakami would have to cook me into supper—and Mr. Murakami is a father, I think, with his own son and daughter just like you, Papa—and he said I should get a good spanking for trespassing, and sent me straight home to you, and I think Mr. Murakami absolutely right. I deserve to be spanked, good and hard, every day and night, for the rest of the season at least. Are you going to spank me now, Papa?”

Papa kissed Baily on both cheeks, then again on the forehead, and scooped her up in his arms. “Of course I’m going to spank you. The whole time I was searching, I was planning to spank you til your fluffy tail until it glowed as red as a strawberry, the second I got my paws on you. But I was also praying I could just hold you one more time. Oh, Bailey, baby. I love you so much. And because I love you…”

Bailey blubbered and wept freely into her father’s chest. “Baaaw! Oh, D-Daddy! Please, spank me! You have to spank me, and put me in time out! Spank me, spank me! Spank meeee!”

And then, as her father seated himself on the stool, Bailey knew what was coming. Despite the fact she had asked for a spanking, that didn't make the prospect of getting one any easier to bear. And Bailey was already emotionally distraught. Bawling like a babe, Bailey felt herself being draped across her father's knee, before the first spank landed with a sharp pop. Bailey howled, and clutched her bottom. "Ow! Oh, no! *Don't* spank me! Not like this! Too hard! It hurts!"

Bailey's father delivered another two claps, one across each side of her fluffy round bottom. "It's supposed to hurt, Bailey. This needs to be a hard spanking, so you never, ever think of disobeying again."

Bailey curled and uncurled her toes behind her as she resisted the urge to buck. Nevertheless, the first three swats had already broken her earlier resolve. In her heart, Bailey knew she needed the spanking, but at the moment, her bottom was screaming with disagreement. "No, no, no! Please, don't spank me, Papa!"

Papa landed a firm wallop across the center of Bailey's bottom. She strained her arms and legs, howling. "Ah-woooo! Oh! Please, Papa! No more spanking! Puh-leeeeze!"

But he only started spanking her in stony silence, harder, and harder, then faster, and faster. There wasn't a hint of anger nor annoyance on his face. But he studiously ignored his daughter's pleas for mercy, which she gasped out between her strangled cries. "I know I was bad! I've been a bad, bad bunny! Wah-haaaw! Aha—hoo—ooooh! Gah! Bwaaaaah!"

After enduring thirty firm swats, Bailey's voice cracked, and she broke down in incoherent, racking sobs. By the end, she was stammering the words, "B-bad…I'm bad…" over and over again.

Papa finished with a resounding swat, then patted his daughter's upturned backside. "Yes, Bailey. You have been a very bad bunny. But you were also brave, and confessed what you did wrong. And once this spanking is over, you will be a good bunny again. But we're not quite finished. Stand up, Bailey, and put your hands behind your head."

Trembling, Bailey stood up gingerly, feeling her bottom tingling as she tried to straighten up. As Bailey put her hands behind her head, she grimaced, thinking about how silly she must look right now: like a big, bare-bottomed, bratty, baby bunny.

Papa pulled out a handkerchief from his waistcoat pocket, and dabbed Bailey's eyes. "That was the spanking I should have given you the first time, when your mother caught you playing by the fence. That alone would have been bad enough. But you actually went into Mr. Murakami's garden, on purpose, knowing full well you were doing a bad thing. Didn't you, Bailey?"

Instantly, Bailey felt fresh tears dampening her eyes. "Yes, Papa."

“And if Mr. Murakami’s cat had killed you, how do you think we would feel?”

Bailey hung her head. “S-sad?”

“Yes. And more than just sad. It would break our hearts, Bailey. You know the hurt you feel in your bottom right now?”

Shifting her weight uncomfortably, Bailey glanced back at her flushed, glowing red bottom.

Papa reached around and patted her behind, two times across her left buttock. “That’s like a tiny boo-boo compared to how my heart would feel, forever and ever, if I lost you. And that’s why bad little bunnies get spankings. The pain of the spanking is meant to teach you what it’s like to hurt others. Does that make sense, Bailey?”

Bailey nodded. “Yes, Papa.”

Pappa used his left hand to pat her right buttock, twice. “So, how bad a spanking do you need, to teach you to never, ever trespass again?”

Bailey swallowed. “I…I dunno? I know I’ve been a very bad bunny, so…I gotta’ get a pretty bad spanking?”

Papa stood from his stool, towering over Bailey. “That’s right, Bailey. So I’m going to give you *two more* spankings. One tonight, right before bed. And one tomorrow morning, right before school.”

Mama let out a soft whimper, wiping a tear from her eye. “Two more spankings? Oh, Papa, hasn’t poor Bailey been punished enough for going near the fence?”

Papa shook his head. “If that were all she did wrong, then yes. But Bailey did three things wrong today: she deserves a spanking for going near the fence, she deserves another spanking for going *past* the fence, into the garden…and she deserves *yet another* spanking for doing it all on purpose, while knowing it was wrong. Do you disagree, Mama?”

Mama sighed. “No. I can’t say I disagree. But I just feel so sorry for poor Bailey. But can’t we let her off, just this once?”

Bailey felt her lip trembling, and bit it with her buck teeth. “No, Mama. Papa is right. I’m…bad. I deserve to get nothing but spankings for forever and ever.”

Papa shook his head, then knelt to look Bailey in the eye. “That is not true, Bailey. You certainly did a bad thing. But that does not make you an unforgivable, forever bad bunny. I am giving you a good spanking, yes, but only because you’re my favorite little bunny girl in the whole world. That’s why you’re getting a *good* spanking. It’s to help you be good again.”

Bailey's nose twitched, then she rested her forehead against Papa's shoulder. "Are you still angry at me, Papa?"

Papa patted the back of Bailey's shoulder. "No, Bailey. I could never stay mad at you…But you still have another spanking coming. And you will be sent to bed without supper."

Feeling a twinge from her already smarting tail, Bailey groaned, then nodded, kissing her Papa's shoulder. The strange, salty smell of his soft fur struck her, and she took a deep breath. "Yes, Papa. Please, spank me until I learn to be good again."

Papa gave Bailey a kiss on her nose. "We certainly will, bun bun. You will get your second spanking tonight before bedtime. Mama? Do you have a change of clothes for poor little Bailey?"

Mama shook her head. "Only the old dress she outgrew last summer. I'll have to sew her a new one that will fit."

"See if you can dig up her old summer dress. I'm scouting that hole in the fence Bailey found. If I see her new dress there, I'll fetch it back."

Benny raised his head from his crib. "But, Papa, we're not supposed to go near the fence. Won't Mama spank you?"

Mama and Papa both chuckled. Papa pulled on his patrol jacket. "No, Benny. I'm going with the patrol. We need to know if the cat is sticking her nose out of Mr. Murakami's garden."

Benny cocked his head. "So if I join the patrol, I won't get spanked anymore?"

"You'll get spanked today if you don't stay quiet during nap time, patrolman."

Benny flopped his head back down on the pillow, and pretended to snore.

After Papa left, Bailey tried to put on her old summer dress, but it was futile. There was nothing else for it but for Bailey to sit her bare bunny bum down on a stool and help Mama at the sewing machine. By following one of Mama's patterns, they fashioned a simple, plain-cut dress from soft carrot-orange cloth, to complement Bailey's lilac fur. As Bailey examined herself in the mirror, she was so relieved to finally be clothed, she overlooked the simplistic design.

Mama clicked her teeth. "Well, it will serve for a night dress, if nothing else."

Bailey gripped the skirt of her dress, ringing the cloth between her fists. "What if the cat gets Papa while he's trying to save my dress? It will be all my fault."

“Don’t worry your head about bad things that might happen, but haven’t. You’re Papa’s been dodging foxes since he was your age. And even if Papa *were* torn to bits by the cat, it still wouldn’t be your fault. Now totter along to bed, and say your prayers. You’ll get your bedtime spanking as soon as the sun sets.”

Bailey’s bedroom directly adjoined the kitchen. She held her hands behind her back as she stepped lightly toward her cot, and seated herself. “If Papa isn’t home before the sun sets…will you give me my bedtime spanking, Mama?”

Mama opened her dresser drawer, pulled out a wooden “hare-hair brush,” and patted it against her paw. “I’m taking a crack at your naughty little bottom regardless. Now, what say you pray to ask for forgiveness, while I pray to ask for a spirit of forgiving?”

Bailey swallowed, and quickly knelt down by her bedside, folding her hands in front of her. “Yes, Mama!”

Papa arrived home just as Bailey was wrapping up her stumbling prayers. He’d found Bailey’s dress right where she had left it, though it was soaked through and muddied from the rain and dew. Mama sighed as she examined the stains. “Look at what she did to her lovely new dress! Why, I’ve half a mind to–”

Bailey overheard, and peeped her eyes open a crack to watch what was unfolding behind her, as her tail stood on end.

Mama pinned up the muddy dress by the laundry, and picked up a woven carpet beater, delivering a practice swing with her arm. Finally, Mama landed the carpet beater across the seat of Bailey’s muddy dress with a resounding thwap. “No. I shan’t punish her for getting a little mud on her dress. But, Papa, I’d like to give Bailey her bed time spanking tonight, if you’ll allow me.”

Papa raised an eyebrow. “Oh?”

“Before you ask, yes I am still feeling sorry for her, but you’re absolutely right that she needs another spanking…and I know how much you hate having to punish the children. I want to help you any way I can. Plus, there’s nothing quite like spanking a bare-bootied bunny’s buns to put one in a forgiving mood.”

Papa nodded. “Thank you, dear. I wasn’t looking forward to having to punish poor Bailey again. But I still want to be there, if she wants me.”

Bailey’s ear twitched as she overheard her parents' conversation clearly. *“Yes,”* thought Bailey.

Bailey looked upward, her hands folded in prayer. “Thank you, God. Thank you for giving me parents who love me…and who love me enough spank me. Please, don’t let the spanking hurt too much…but let it hurt enough to make me good again. Amen.”

The silhouettes of two rabbits fell across Bailey, and as she turned to find parents waiting at her bedroom door, Bailey slowly lifted up the hem of her new night dress, exposing her quivering tail. By now, the angry red handprints left by her first spanking had faded to the pink color of a wild herb-robert. “Mama, Papa, I am ready for my next spanking. Where do you want me to put my booty?”

Mama seated herself beside Bailey, and patted her thigh. “Let’s see how it looks across my knee…”

Automatically, Bailey draped herself across her mother’s knee. But instead of pulling Bailey across her lap, like Papa had done, Mama instead pinned Bailey’s legs in place between her knees, and stroked hairbrush across her daughter’s shivering tail. “Yes, that’s as bare a bunny bum-bum as I’ve ever seen. Reminds me of how I used to change your nappies. You know, Bailey, no matter how many times I look at you, I still see the same bouncing baby bunny I remember…right down to your cute little funny bunny bummy.”

Bailey answered with a whiny, whispered whimper. “Funny bunny bummy” was one of Bailey’s childish euphemisms for her buttocks from when she was very little. Bailey thought about how brave and grown-up she’d felt when she first trespassed into the garden. But now that Bailey was securely pinned across her mother’s knee, bottoms-up, she felt a pang in her heart. *“I’m still just a silly baby!”* thought Bailey.

With a gentle flick of her wrist, Mama started patting Bailey’s behind with the back of the hairbrush. “But I know you’re not a baby anymore. You’re a big girl now, so that means…you get big girl spankings. Long, and hard, until you’re crying like the baby I remember, all over again!”

Bailey rubbed her feet together. “Yes, Mummy.”

Papa sat down beside Bailey. “Would you like to hold onto something, to help you resist the temptation to cover your bottom?”

Bailey batted her eyes at her Papa. “Would you please hold my hands, Daddy?”

Papa clasped both of Bailey’s hands in his, and patted the back of her wrist. “Of course I will.”

Mama kept delivering light love taps, keeping a steady rhythm. “Now, be a big girl, and ask Mummy to give you the spanking you so richly deserve.”

Bailey grimaced. She knew that the moment she answered, the soft love taps would immediately change to hard “love whaps.” “Yes, Mama. I’ve been such a bad little bunny. Please, give me a good spanking…just like I have coming to me.

WHOP! POP!

Mama slammed the hairbrush down on each of Bailey's butt cheeks in quick succession. Bailey bounced wildly, and if she hadn't been pinned so securely in place, she would have hopped straight in the air. Bailey's resolve had already been worn down by her father's spanking, so she immediately melted into fresh tears and cries of pain.

With a look of stern satisfaction on her face, Mama aimed the hairbrush at different spots to cover Bailey's entire bottom an even shade of red, concentrating a few extra strokes along the soft undercurves below Bailey's plump posterior. After about thirty whacks, Bailey was close to breaking down into a temper tantrum, twisting in place across her mother's thigh and tugging against her father's grip in a tirade. "Nooooo! Too much!"

Mama only shook her head, and increased the pace of the spanking. "For shame. Bad, bad, bunny."

Papa squeezed Bailey's hands. "Hold still, Bailey."

Bailey arched back her head, blinking past tears to stare into her father's eyes. "I caaaan't doooo it!"

But as Mama increased the pace of the spanking yet again, hammering out yet another 30 blows, Bailey wailed, and pressed her face against Papa's hands.

Taking a deep breath, Mama raised the brush high, and slowly, deliberately, delivered the last then strokes with deliberate, punishing force. Bailey yelped and hooted, struggling to catch her breath between each one. Finally, Mama stroked the smooth surface of the hairbrush against Bailey's aching hindquarters. "And that's one hundred spanks. That should suffice…"

Papa patted Bailey's head. "Good job, wee bae, you're almost done."

Bailey wiped her eyes against her father's hand, then blinked. "...Almost?"

Mama released her daughter from her scissor hold, and stood. "Just one more, minor matter. Papa, if you would be so kind?"

Papa reached behind his back, and produced Mama's rug beater. Bailey's tail stood on end as she recognized it. She'd seen Mama wield it to great effect on the laundry. "B-but…you said I wouldn't get spanked for dirtying my dress!"

Mama smiled as she accepted the carpet beater. "Oh, so you were eves dropping, were you? Not to worry, dear, I'm not planning to give you another spanking, just for that. But I am stil a bit cross with you, and Papa advised me to be thorough, so…I'm going to give you *one* good whack with the rug beater. Think of it as a warning of what to expect if you ever go running around naked in Mr. Murakami's garden ever again."

Her lip quivering, Bailey pouted. “...Yes, mama.”

Bailey’s tail drooped, partially covering the top of her bottom, as if to symbolize the futility of resistance. Papa patted her behind, and pinched the tip of her fluffy cotton tail to lift it up. “Stand up, and grab onto the bed post to support you. Make sure you bend over, and stick this tail up nice and high. Pretend that your bottom is a little present you are holding out to give to Mama.”

As Papa guided her hands toward the bedpost, Bailey clung to it, and arched her back to offer up her burning, blistered backside. “Yes, Papa.”

Mama tapped the end of the rug beater against her daughter’s rump, practicing the swing to warm up her arm and get the feel for the angle of her swing. Bailey squeaked as she felt the light taps, then bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, clenching and unclenching her glutes as she anticipated the coming spank. Gritting her teeth, Bailey held her breath. She concentrated on holding tight to the post, and keeping her tail held high, and willing herself to accept what had to be the final spank…assuming she was obedient.

Urgently, Bailey tensed, and wished for the spanking to just be over and done with. She felt her bottom trembling behind her, before she finally exhaled, and relaxed her bottom. Maybe, just maybe, Mama was so impressed by Bailey’s bravery, she would be spared this final part of the punishment?

THWACK!

Mama swung the rug beater with a practiced swing of her arm, and the knotted whicker loops sank deep into the soft flesh of Bailey’s relaxed bottom cheeks. The rug-beater left behind an impression in the shape of a pretzel that stretched across Bailey’s entire bottom. It flashed briefly white, then flushed red.

With a roar of surprise, Bailey hopped high into the air, clutching her bottom, and landed on her bed, before bouncing backwards and all around the room in a wild war dance, her voice almost musical as she sang with pain. “Yeeoooww! Bwaaah! Ahaaaaw!”

Mama held the rug beater in her crossed arms, and shook her head. “Bailey, cease that hullabaloo at once. You are a lady, not a savage.”

Bailey froze, and dropped her hands from her bottom, letting her night dress fall back down to cover it. “Sorry, Mama…do you need to spank me again?”

Finally, Mama smiled. “Not tonight. I wanted to give you something to keep you warm until tomorrow morning, and I succeeded.”

As Bailey recalled her Papa's promise that she would get a third spanking the following morning, Bailey bowed her head, her ears drooping. "Papa, couldn't we please get my last spanking over with tonight? I can't bear to wait any longer!"

Papa scooped Bailey up in his arms and carefully laid her down on her bed. "No, Bailey. Your poor bottom has endured enough punishment for one night. And tomorrow's spanking will have to be the worst of all, so that it will act as a lasting reminder."

Bailey wanted to cry, but her eyes felt dry, puffy, and stung almost as badly as her behind. "Oh…That's good…I've got to get lots and lots more spanking. Will you and Mama be giving me a spanking every day, from now on?"

Papa shook his head, and patted Bailey behind her shoulder blades. "Bailey, dear, why do you think you deserve so much spanking?"

As she lay on her stomach, Bailey hiked up her skirts to examine the results of her long ordeal on her shining, glowing red rear. "Because…I've been thinking…If I had died in the garden, I wouldn't have gotten this spanking today…but even though my bottom hurts so bad, I'm still so happy to be alive today. But by trespassing into Mr. Murakami's garden, I didn't just risk throwing away today. I risked losing tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and all the tomorrow's I will ever have…so, I think I should get spanked for all the days of my life, to teach me not to throw them away."

As Mama sat down beside Bailey, she shook her head, and started applying a dab of balm to Baileys' scorched buttocks. "Oh, Bailey, baby, you don't need all that spanking, just to teach you that. I think you've already learned your lesson."

Papa kissed the top of Bailey's head. "Yes. What's important isn't the spanking itself. It's what the spanking teaches you: that every day life is a precious gift. And as long as you remember that, you won't need so many spankings anymore. Besides, your Mama and I hate to have to spank you. You're our favorite little girl. It breaks our hearts to see you hurting."

Bailey rose up to rest on her knees, and sniffled. "I'm sorry I broke your hearts."

Papa and Mama both hugged her. Mama stroked Bailey's back, and whispered in her ear. "You haven't broken our hearts. You make our hearts feel full."

Papa lifted up Bailey's chin. "And we forgive you. Now, try to get some sleep. Tomorrow morning will bring the last trial. But I know you will be able to endure it."

Bailey took a shuddering breath, and managed a weak smile. Two fresh teardrops spilled down her face, but Bailey had a strange realization. They were tears of joy. "Yes, Papa. Thank you for spanking me. I can't wait for tomorrow."

Mama winked. “So you can finally get your spanking over with?”

Bailey shook her head. “No. I’m just thankful I have a tomorrow.”

After Mama and Papa kissed her good night, and tucked her in, Bailey lay on her stomach, her mind buzzing with thoughts of what awaited her on the morn.

[End of Chapter 4]